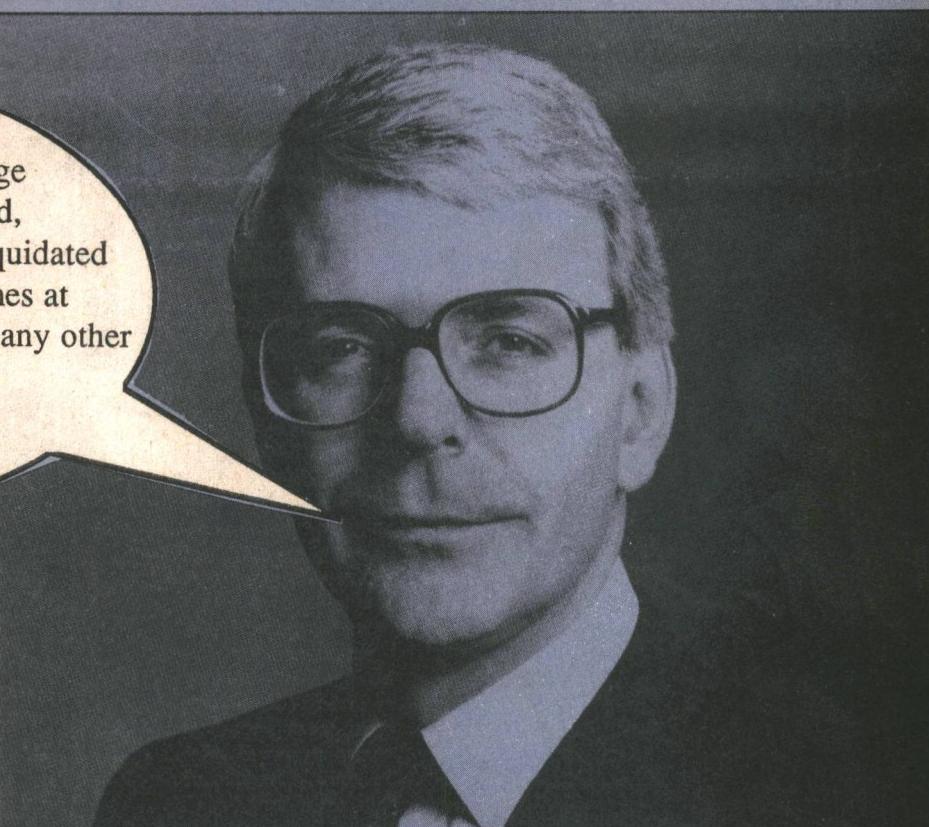


AT
ISSUE 1
JULY 1992
£1.00

HACK!

I have a very important message for the 2.6 million unemployed, the 160,000 homeless, the 40,000 liquidated companies, the 3,000 outside names at Lloyds.....redundant Tory MP's....and any other social malcontents.....

Thanks for voting for me!



GOVT. MOVES ON CARDBOARD BOXES

WILL SOUTH AFRICAN WHITES EVER OWN UP?

MEDIA PRE-OCCUPATION WITH MAN'S LITTLE FOIBLES

THIS MONTH'S HACKS

WHY DO WE GIVE THE MINOR ROYALS SO MANY PRIVILEGES?

HACKED OFF WITH YOUR BOSS?

SKIN TRADE IN 0898 NUMBERS

VING FROM THAI

ISSN 0966-3665



Hack!

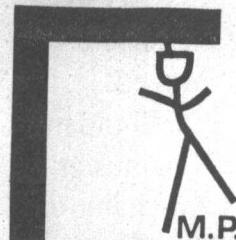
Graffiti

If tabloid journalists thought there was a story up someone's arse they wouldn't hesitate to crawl up there or anywhere else.

We need a serious privacy bill which would prevent disclosure of an individual's sexuality: psst! don't tell anyone Bush is a plonker.

Politics is the opiate of the politicians and the media.

Bring back a hung Parliament



Q: Have you ever wondered why so many thick people end up at the top?
A: It's because they won't want to change anything, stupid!

Don't call us.
We won't call you.

FREE
FOR TAX CUTS
UNEMPLOYED

Sorry about your ear, Jenny.
Signed: Neal (I have).

There's no such thing as polite satire: you're either saying up yours to the establishment or you're not. We are.

Send your graffiti to the Editor, Hack, Bryntirion, Llanfair Caereinion Welshpool, Powys SY21 0BL.
Please note: no material returned, and we do not pay for material used.
Please state if you want a credit or would prefer to remain anonymous.
Please note we do not publish exposés or scandal. We are not interested in politicians' sex lives. That's a promise!

Hack!

ISSUE 1 JULY 1992

MALCONTENTS

What is Hack? See Back Page, you dummy!

Designs on your box Page 4

The South Africans tell all almost Look in on Page 8

People who profit from skin Dial Page 12

Are you greasy? Wipe your face on Page 15

This month's cons, bores, hacks....Yawn thru 24, 25

Meet Slalom Rushly, exile.....Go to Page 28

Tame politicians..... Let Page 30 drive you wild

This month's pin-up Stick drawing pins on Page 35

Fergie says: Give it to me.....Give it to her on Page 7

How they do things in ad agencies Get your copy on P20

Hack off! Pitter Patter quietly to Page 33

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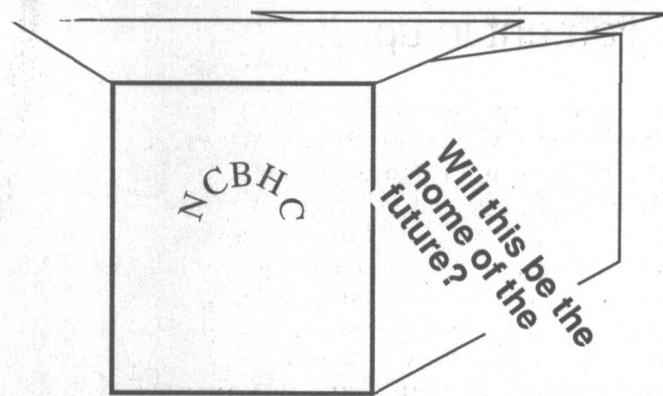
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BANNED IN SOUTH AFRICA

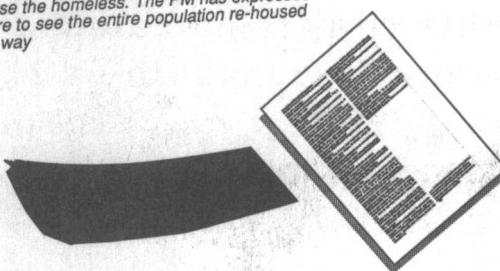
CARDBOARD BOX ROW HOTS UP



**Hack! blows the lid on
Cardboard Box
Housing Scandal**



National Cardboard Box Housing Council's design submitted to the Prime Minister to re-house the homeless. The PM has expressed a desire to see the entire population re-housed in this way



Government in a flap

Authoritative sources in Whitehall say that the government has been boxed into a position by the National Cardboard Box Housing Council (NCBHC) over the latest designs for cardboard box housing, "from which it cannot easily unpack itself."

Secret documents revealing that the Government has allocated a miserly £15 per box to the NCBHC have been leaked to Hack! with the government's official position still being that it has no policy to re-house the homeless (and even those with homes) in cardboard boxes. Meanwhile the makers of the Mark 1 Box have denied reports that they have received orders for 2 million Mark One's from the government.

Dove and Co, formerly part of the British Industrial Tarts Group, and known in the Midlands for their shareholdings in undertaker parlours, will only admit that they are now in the 'container business'.

Their position is a difficult one: on the one hand they cannot distance

themselves too far from the government's stance because they hope

to market another version of the box, for sale to the public direct, but equally well shareholders' fears that there has been some insider trading in cardboxes must be addressed.

One plan we have been shown is that the cardboard boxes will have added structural strength so that they can be used for coffins, in the event of the incumbent's death: this is the real origin of the row, because Dove and Co have demanded an extra 50p per 1000 boxes for this feature, which the government is not so far prepared to pay, though they may have to back down.

Hack's position, submitted in a lengthy letter to the United Nations, is that these cardboard boxes ought to have some measure of comfort: and in the case of families, an extra room.

Dove and Co say they can build the boxes to any specification required, even going so far as portable loos, showers, tv aerials, and so forth. We

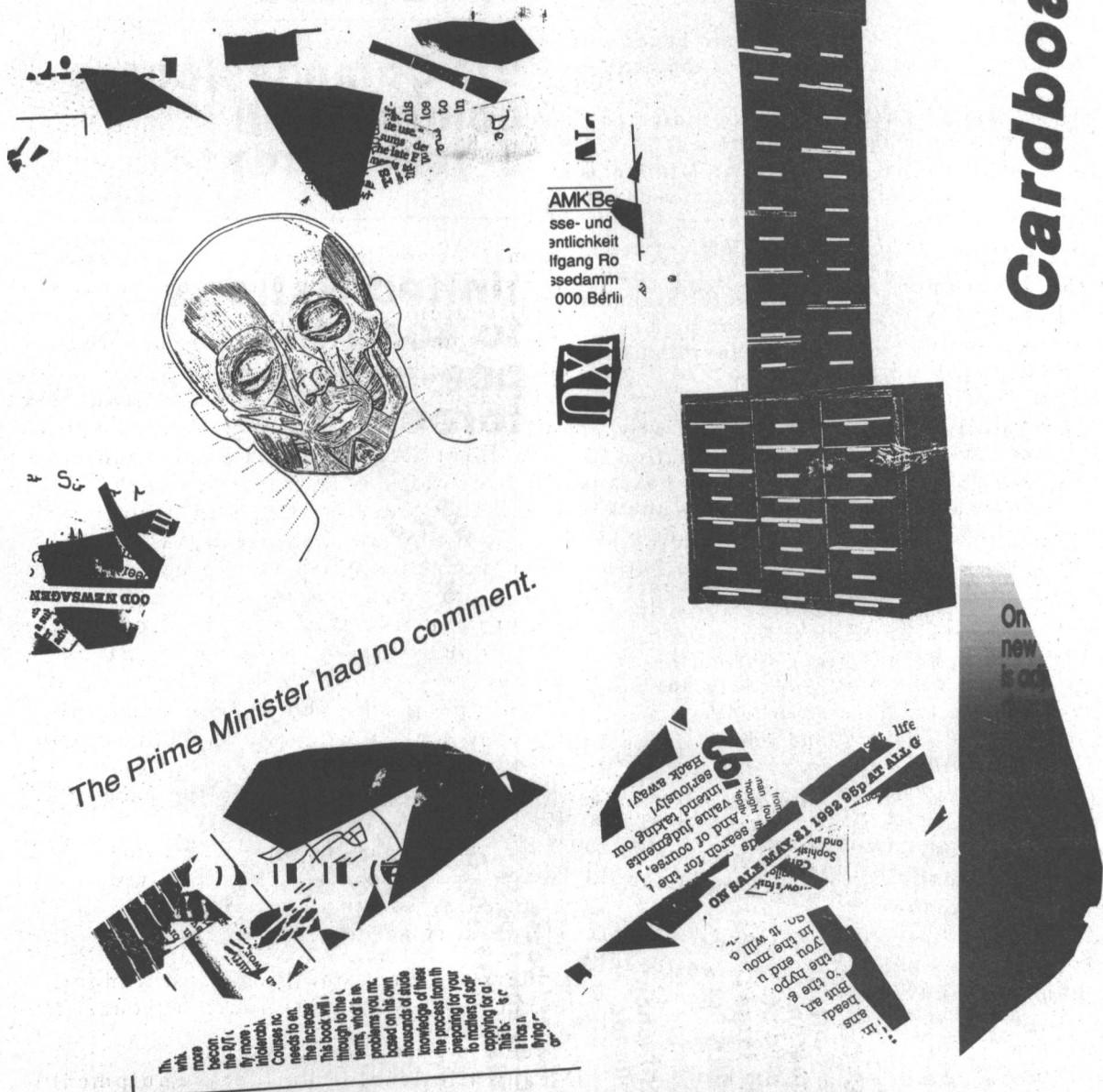
understand that one long-term London boxer has now commissioned a jacuzzi to grace his particular pox-box. Meanwhile leading builders' equipment

chain Flog-It-All say that they aim to produce a d.i.y. kit by the end of the year. They have promised to employ an extra 300 unemployed youths to assist with the task. These kits, said Lou Hope, Chairman of Flog-it-All, will retail around £9.99 and — since they will be in modular form — extensions can be added at a later date.

Parliament in uproar

Meanwhile angry exchanges took place in Parliament when the Prime Minister delivered his now famous "Rivers of S*@t" speech, in which he said that without proper control London, and Cardboard City in particular, would begin to look like one vast stream of sewage. Even in this classic piece of oratory the PM appears to have borrowed heavily from Eunuch Powell's now classic Rivers of Blood theme from the sixties.

"Our children will not thank us" said



the Prime Minister. "Definitely I can say that for sure, I think", showing the determination and force of character for which he has become so well known.

At an environmental level fears have been expressed by the water authorities that, unless they receive major grants, they will be unable to guarantee the public's safety from the polluted rivers of London. Indeed anxiety has been expressed for the health of the Cardboard Sitters (as they have come to be called).

In the meantime many sectors of industry are hoping to cash in on the cardboard boom: the chairman of leading car group, Ravers, has said that his company is hoping to produce a cardboard box on wheels in the near future: "We are already at the drawing board stage" he said, "the only problem is the exhaust emission."

But, all this aside, it cannot be doubted that the government and the NCBHC are set to clash further in the future, as an

additional 100,000 cardboard boxes will be required every year for the next ten years.

Sources in Whitehall have indicated that one of the new features of Majorism will be the Prime Minister's enthusiasm for re-housing the entire population in cardboard boxes.

Sceptics in local council offices have, however, said that some of the new houses being built on estates around the country, already fulfill the prime minister's criteria, and anything less would be a backward step.

But the World Boxing Committee, who erroneously received an invitation to No 10 to discuss re-housing in boxes is angry, saying that someone in the PM's correspondence office had made a cock-up.

"We have nothing to do with boxes, we are a respectable boxing authority." But a spokesperson at No 10, pooh-poohed such a minor distinction: "What's the difference between boxes and boxing?"

The WBC said: "Send John Major into the ring with Cutlip Hackabout and we'll

show you." Meantime the Archbishop of Canterbury, from the comfort of his 300 room Lambeth Palace and a warm log fire said that the government ought to do something.

"Oh yes" he said, wringing his soft white hands, "they jolly well ought."

Amen.

Govt
for
PM
Spee
throu

MP Car
Commit
book on
priced at
and targe
at new ho

Archbishop
his hands

"Cardboard boxes
unacceptable face of
Majorism" says Che Guevara

Govt Appells
PM Rivers of S***
Speech is relayed
through the streets
MP Cardboard
Committee launch new
on boxes
at £24.99
geted
omeless
wrings

EC Commissioners commission 5-year study

United Nations to send in pee-keeping force

"Cardbo
unacceptab
Majorism" says"

Govt appeals
for calm as
PM 'Rivers of S***'
Speech is relayed
through the streets

MP Cardboard
Committee launch new
on boxes
at £24.99
geted
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C

BRITISH HOLIDAY MAKERS STAY AT HOME TO AVOID ROYALS

British Travel Tarts Association (BITTA) has registered despair at the low level of foreign holiday bookings, 65% down on last year.

A new survey out today by MORON reports that the perception among the British public is that if they stay at home this summer they are far less likely to run into any of the minor royals.

Notable resorts affected include the remote Scottish Isles where Prince Big Ears often repairs to talk to the cows, the West Indies — scene of Princess Maggot's idyllic pleasures; while bookings to Cairo have fallen sharply following the temporary closure of a museum while it was being visited by Princess Big Ears.

For the same reason yachtsmen and sailors, anxious to avoid the Royal Yacht Britannica, are remaining in dry dock. Next winter's bookings to Europe's ski resorts are also in a state of royal decline, operating on the principle that the slopes are more and more likely to be crowded with falling mini-royals.

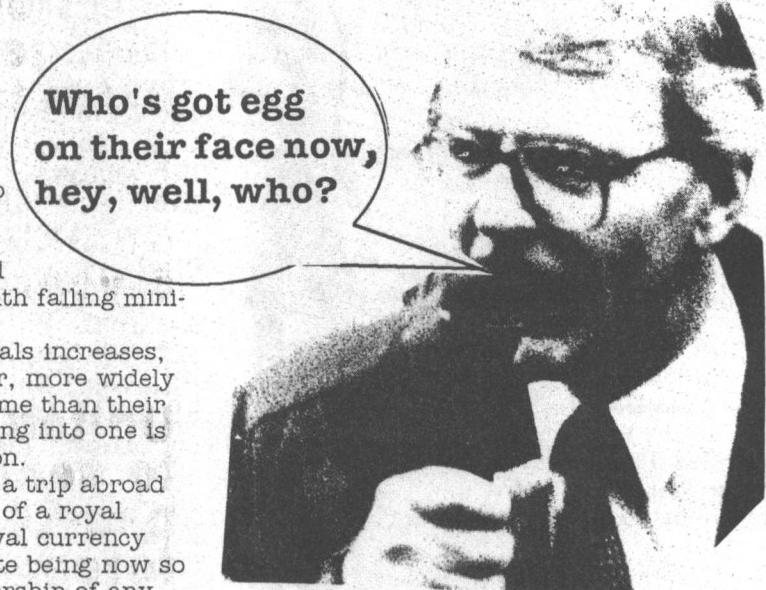
Indeed as the number of royals increases, and as they grow ever richer, more widely traveled, and less stay-at-home than their forebears, the risks of running into one is becoming much more common.

One lady who could not face a trip abroad on account of the possibility of a royal meeting quipped that the royal currency had not been devalued despite being now so widely visible, unlike membership of any other organisation.

Free bus passes for all
Royals, free flights, free
meals, free books, free
security, free.....

MOVES TO CHANGE NATIONAL ANTHEM QUASHED

Moves by left-wing Labour MP's to change the wording of the national anthem from "God save the Queen" to "God save (us from) the Queen", were defeated by a heavy majority in Parliament last night. Speaking for the Back Bench Committee on national heritage Mr Gloss Gossip said that the extra words would ruin the cadence of the song. But Labour MP's, frustrated by the government's continued adherence to tradition, denied that it would make any difference.



MAJOR TAUNTS PILLOCK: "Who's got egg on their face now?"

In his unkindest speech of the session so far, Mr Major has hit out at what he calls the opposition's Pillocks of Wisdom. Asked if it was true that he intended to raise the voting age to 49 he said: "Yessir, but only if Mr Pillock will admit that he is the one with egg on his face now." Mr Pillock agreed, saying that colleagues had begun crowing immediately they scented defeat, but he said that he was not unhappy since "...there is always one more dung heap to climb to the top of...."



The van de Merwes

The van de Merwes are a typical Afrikaner family of the upper-middle classes. They have a four bed-roomed house in Pretoria, with garden, pool, tennis court, three televisions, two cars, a driver, cook, gardener and maid. Now that apartheid is coming to the end of its life Mrs van de Merwe, interviewed here by one of the local radio stations, describes her own awakening. It should be noted that this interview is being repeated, word for word, all over the country, by thousands of other middle-class churchgoing, Afrikaans ladies whose husbands are employed, usually, in one of the professions.

Agh, man I must tell you apartheid was a thing I knew nothing about at all I mean I am

jus a housewife working her way in the world: I mean I look after the house, and though it's true I have got black servants and that, the fact is they never told me nothing about their personal lives.

That speech the President made changed everything for the country singlehandedly. I mean to say that man is so dynamic he has altered everything for all of us with one sweep of the hand so to speak. You won't believe the inconveniences myself and my husband was put to many times when we had to go pick up the maid or the garden boy or the driver or the cook from the police station because they didn't have their passes on them. I mean sometimes jus when I was about to give a dinner party and I'd have to go and sit and wait there at the police station.

Whites Only Alleen Blanke

Agh, yiss. I mean it was really awful. You'd have to go in and sit down and jus hang about for hours for the commandant of the police station to come and help you get through all the documentation. And of course

you had to pay a fine. Oh, no, we never deducted the fine from their wages, that wouldn't have been naas, would it? And every time they came out of the cells they had been fighting with the other black people in there. That's why they wouldn't put them in with the whites because the whites didn't like fighting, so they had to keep them separate from the blacks. I mean they would come out with bruises and cuts and marks on them every time, and then you had to send them back home for a few weeks to get better. That's what the police said, that they was always fighting with each other. That's why they had those marks and things on them, cuts and the like.

But any road as I was saying we had no idea of the conditions they lived under. I mean it was all brought home to me when I took Annie back to the location the first time and I see them little garden sheds they all living in and the women carrying water from a dirty stream in cans on their heads. I

mean it looked sort of poetic, but then I realised the poor black devils they got no electricity either. So from that moment I dedicated myself to their cause. What did that mean? Well, I became president of the local Mothers' Club that

All Non-Europeans
passing this point
show your Pass

year and I used to write letters to the owners of the garden shed and ask them if they was going to put in electricity for the poor black devils. I mean I realise it's not much but you have to do what you can.

But no one told me that the black children wasn't allowed in the same school as our kids, because I never even seen a black kid and any road how did I know they wanted to go to school. I mean I can honestly say, as unlikely as it may sound, that I never heard of apartheid, I mean it's jus not a word we use.

I mean you take buses and trains. Well I never go anywhere by bus or train, usually the driver takes me or if I go down to the Free State then I gets on a plane, don't I? So of course I had no idea of

their dirty buses and trains, so overcrowded and all.

I didn't know they only earn a little bit each month because my husband he deals with all of that, but we do feed and clothe them, and we have given them a raise.

But I must tell you they don't like change much these k-, er these Africans, because Simeon he's the old garden boy, he come to me one day, agh! I must tell you he's such a good boy, and he said to me that he don't want them k-, er blacks in power, because he knows they are corrupt not like us whites, and he realises that the blacks here in this country are better off than anywhere else in Africa. I mean you only got to see the television to know they starving in Ethiopia and them places, not a rag on their back and of course those governments up north in Central Africa they're very cruel to their blacks cause they're always beating them and killing them, and we all know just how much corruption there is, don't we, when you

think of all that food aid going missing and getting stolen even before the poor devils can get their hands on it. So, what I say is, we got to work together for the future. One day the world will realise just how much we have to offer.

Yes, I would say it's true, most white madams had no idea of the conditions and poverty that the blacks was living under, and of course we feel very sorry for them. No, I don't think we mind the blacks moving into this area, I mean it will only be the rich and cultured ones, won't it? I mean to say, my garden boy don't have that kind of money, do he? So, one way and another I can't see it making no difference to the likes of me, apartheid going and that.

"Of course none of us knew what was happening. I mean I heard Germans say they didn't know what was happening in Germany to the Jews and I can well believe it, because we never knew what was happening to the blacks here. Nobody here has used the word apartheid in years. It just hasn't existed in my life time."

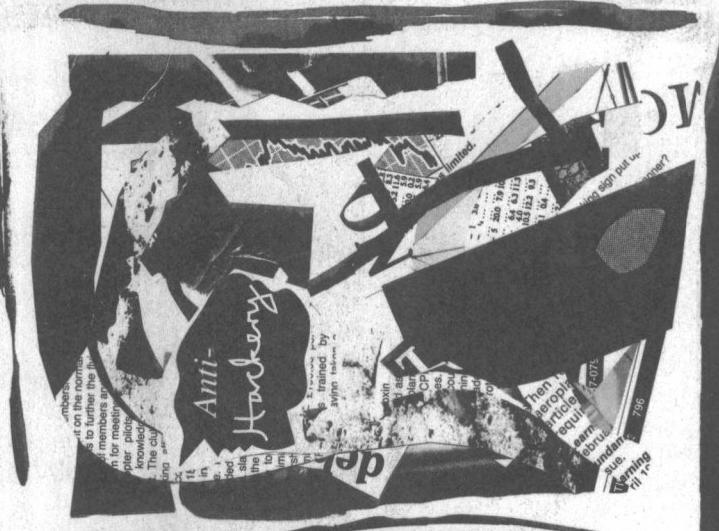
Bantu Persons!
Beware of the Dog

No hacks at Yorkshire

Ten out of ten to Yorkshire Bank who do not need the banking ombudsman to tell them that obsolete deposit accounts are unfair, insulting and derisory. Everyone knows that if they wanted to banks could notify all their investors — remember the credit boom and those piles and piles of offers of loans?

What a refreshing change that — when money is left on deposit the Yorkshire Bank — instead of just leaving the money to attract a miserly 1% or so — actually upgrades each account as the interest rates change. They understand well enough that customers do not have time to scan through highly numeristic interest tables.

All honour to Yorkshire Bank.
If you know of other banks who
do the same drop us a line!



**Adults consent to
Bank Junk**

If you are a customer of a bank which is part of a group you may find yourself subject to receiving junk mail from other companies in the same group. Without realising it unwittingly agreed to this, so check with your branch, otherwise a flood of bank junk may flow through your letterbox.

Graffiti

"Why did the government blame the working classes for having more heart attacks than the rest of society?"

"Because it's a crime to be poor!"

"No, because they knew they'd be on holiday when the statistics were published."

Complete these headlines

Labour victor could face a [REDACTED]

- (1) new electoral college
- (2) second election
- (3) life in opposition
- (4) night with Essex man

[REDACTED] calls on Andrew

- (1) pet bull dog
- (2) mystic
- (3) oil trillionaire
- (4) toy boy

Angry Duchess wants [REDACTED]

- (1) Duke's foreskin
- (2) offensive mole
- (3) palace rats
- (4) Fleet Street

removed

the Speaker

- (1) unwig
- (2) heckle
- (3) make love to
- (4) select

Oh, yeah? Well, s*t you too, mate, cause now we've got Hack, you can't keep us quiet anymore, so woch it!

COLD CONFIDENTIALS

The 0898 number series, which did appear to have its uses, is actually an abuse of the telephone system when it is used to prey on people's fears as in the case of extremely personal sexual advice. "Doctor on the Line" screams one headline from a well-known weekly: "Confused? Embarrassed? Hear our experienced Dr. X!" Hear him what? Hear him talk about masturbation, premature ejaculation, foreplay to multiple orgasm, safe sex do's and don'ts, Drugs — the facts and dangers....oral sex.....female orgasm.....tighten your vagina — tighten your what.....?....sex aids.....different sexual positions.....

Discuss your queries, confidential recordings 24 hours a day RING NOW!!!!!! (my exclamation marks).

I contend that it is immoral for a doctor to offer this type of service and I hope it is a complete failure. Why, you may ask is it immoral?

***Is there a doctor
in the phone?***

***Quack,
quack!***

Firstly, these are not strictly medical problems, they are much more in the nature of psychological problems — Dr. X's qualifications are not given, but I would be surprised if they included a specific psychology degree and training. It has always been my contention that doctors are given insufficient training in psychology, as indeed are psychiatrists, whose training in clinical psychology and psychoanalysis is often almost nil.....be that as it may I believe Dr.

X is stepping outside of his normal province by approaching these areas. Where would he have gained his experience if not in clinical psychology, therapy or analysis? In the doctor-patient role, in his surgery? Not possible, surely, if the advert itself is to be believed.....after all, the advert says, you are likely to be too embarrassed and/or confused to want to discuss such matters with your g.p.

Why masturbation? Is the theory that people will feel guilty about this most harmless and common occurrence? If so, what can they

implies

get out of a phone call — other than to tell them not to feel guilty?

Besides a basic principle of psychology is being ignored here — the practitioner must listen more than speak — to whom can he/she speak if listening to a recorded message? Foreplay to multiple orgasm? Is this a promise? In other words have foreplay and you will orgasm many times — or at least more than once?

Safe Sex — there are hundreds of FREE government leaflets available on this subject, half of them in your GP's surgery.

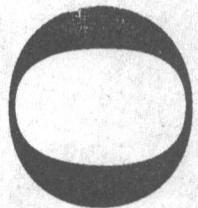
But the one I think most outrageous is "Tighten your vaginal!" Why? Whose business is it? Is having a loose vagina abnormal, bad, unhealthy? Will it shorten your life? Other ads — "Call [REDACTED] the qualified nurse to be re-assured about the size of your penis...." or to discover — what you probably knew since the age of twelve or thirteen anyway — whether masturbation is normal. No, these ads prey on the ignorance of innocent and/or uneducated people, or people who feel unsure of themselves, or lack in confidence. "I want to know more about oral sex!" Call [REDACTED] the qualified nurse!

What is it with these doctors and nurses — don't they earn enough? What about the

[REDACTED] also advertises his services on the telephone numbers. Doesn't he earn enough with his gp practice, his television appearances — must he still rake in the copper? And the poor ripped-off public? For more? More, more, always bloody more!

...and, again, I'd like to puke all over

**THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING WRONG
WITH A SOCIETY THAT
NEEDS SEXUAL
COUNSELLING BY
RECORDED TELEPHONE
MESSAGES: OR, MORE
ACCURATELY, IF THERE
IS SOMETHING WRONG,
THEN IT IS A
SOMETHING FORCED ON
US BY THE SAD MEDICS
WHO DEVISE AND
EXPLOIT THIS SYSTEM.**



0836...

Boring this month

month Dull Bernard Levin

Why does he Twitter on about Jason Donovan the way he does? Jason is (i) younger, (ii) better looking and (iii) about five times as rich. He's also a hell of a lot more famous. And I'm sure he is probably reading this and saying to himself: "Bernard Who?" Incidentally, it takes Levin about three full columns to get to the point.

John Pratten

John Major
Don't think much of politicians who bring religion into politics. I think John Major must have had a moment's aberration when he appointed this man. God certainly did when he made him. Don't go scaring the kids, Mr Pratten, you're supposed to be Ed Sec!

藏書家文庫

Nigel Dempster **Prat** This mouthborning
Why does he keep interjecting perfectly

reasonable copy (if you like gossip, and who doesn't?) with trash, eg "bearded businessman Peter de Savary...." who the hell cares if someone's bearded?

BBC is ~~monolithic~~ **Selfish**

The organisation: BBC Select. Willing to bet it'll just be their old rubbish they're trying to dump on us. Yet again. Definitely the old corp is on the way down.

BBC2: That was a nasty thing to do if you were eating late on April 27, with dissections and full camera views. Agh! Just institutionalised tv violence.

Biggest bore of the month: the Labour Party leadership election.

The men from 'A'untie

"Minister, what do you feel about the high rate of homelessness?"

"What these people must realise is it's important to keep down inflation."

"Well, yes, that's very true. I'm sure they'll feel a great comfort in knowing they're doing their bit for the country."

— 10 —

Greaseball

Advertisers' pre-occupation with the less appetising aspects of human living is never-ending: countless are the women who have been offended by the personal towel war on the mini-screen, while the campaign to de-grease, de-odour and de-bug our clothes, dishes, cars, sinks, toilets, bricks, roof voids, teeth gums, etc etc threatens us with the label of a nation of undesirable low-lifers, unwilling to observe the basic tenets of personal hygiene — unless of course we go out and buy xyz soap powder, abc dishwashing liquid, anti-bug spray, etc. A nation that has to be dragged kicking and screaming into the 20th century (let alone the 21st).....unless we raid our piggy banks and get out there and buy, buy, buy.

In a way the same thing is happening with mortgage adverts, pension ads, and so on: unless you provide for your successors you are a blackguard, a brute and a bounder, and have the equivalent of social b.o.

But I don't think people are that easily duped, and as always the remote control, that bane of advertisers' existence, comes in handy.

It was while fooling with this little toy that I think I spotted something no viewer was meant to see: a certain well-known toilet paper, invading the privacy of a little boy's loo, has (and I could swear

it's not meant to be there) left in about three frames (I think) which show quite clearly the loo paper being put in the doggie's mouth. The whole idea of the ad being of course that the loo paper has arrived there by design on the doggie's part. I could swear, though wouldn't like to, that there is a gleam of reluctance on the doggie's part to take the loo paper.....now I wonder what that tells us.

Something else I think I noticed. You've probably seen the commercial in which the ultra high-tech razor with one quick sharp *whizz!* clears up all facial hair. Well, right in the middle of this lot they've placed the face of.....you guessed it, a girl: then a quick spray of foam, a whizz and bingo, she has no more facial hair. Well, I think that's how it was. It looked that way. Of course, it goes without saying that you're not meant to notice it.

So convincing these advertisers.

But I don't blame the manufacturers, I blame their ad agencies for being unoriginal and repetitive.....in short, hacks!

Books & Things.....

In my attempts to create a magazine prepared to attempt universal observation and not just a mindless destroyer of reputations and organisations through a proto-adolescent anger — as (I believe) evinced by some journals — I hope to be able to review some of the books that come across my desk, whether by purchase, gift or official requests to review.

To some extent it doesn't matter to me when these might have been published — also I won't review books I don't like, unless it's to pass on a tip along the lines of ".....such and such a book is not good value for money (in my view)....."

Julian Robinson's "The Brilliance of Art Deco" published by Bay Books is a worthwhile addition to any shelf not least because of its beauty as a book. From the moment you pick it up the aesthetic qualities stir you into a desire to understand and identify with the oeuvre of the artists: this book puts in perspective for the first time the contribution of art deco artists of all persuasions, and justly compares their achievement to that of the Renaissance. Illustrators of the quality of Georges Barbier and Georges Lepape are rare in any age and that, along with Satie, Maxfield Parrish, Crane, Grasset

— following in the wake of Van Gogh, Monet, one finds a range and breadth and depth of work of such flair and ingenuity that the barbarous utilitarianism and sheer kitschness of much that dominated the nineteenth century almost forgettable if not forgivable. Regrettably space prevents our mentioning all of the worthy artists of the period and their work, and one can only recommend the interested reader to buy or borrow the book.

Tolkien fans will be delighted by the Harper Collins bumper issue of his Lord of the Rings in hardback, even though it costs £30, though the sheer weight of the red silk bookmark and the gold blocking make a contribution to one's aesthetic purpose which surely outweighs....first read Tolkien's work about fifteen years ago and as always fascinated by his particular brand of mythology, though a little disappointed by its descent into the wargame arena. Alan Lee's illustrations are classics in their own right, though I feel that an accompanying explanation of some of the linguistic facets of Tolkien's mythography would have been if not appropriate, at least welcome. Found Alec Blomberg and Tony Rodd's Palms of the World, £16.95 from Angus and Robertson very attractive and informative — I had not realised they could be cultivated by the layman in this country: not without difficulty, certainly, but all the same.....part of my mis-spent youth was passed in Durban, Natal, where palms abound (or perhaps abounded?) on the Esplanade, and I hope that the Corporation there has kept them up. There are palms that will tolerate frost, which I did not

know, palms which will tolerate being near the sea, or even those which will accept poor soil....they are such wonderful symbols of hedonism, though useful in a variety of ways.

Richard Holmes of the Times described Wilfred Thesiger's Arabian Sands, Collins £20, as a masterpiece and he is not far wrong. One wonders if desert travellers are still prey to slavery by marauding tribes, whether rulers still have the power to cut off the hands of little boys who were not circumcised strictly according to Islamic law—indeed one wonders much about life in that strange and wonderful place, the Sahara. But all great cultures produce ambiguity and ambivalence in their observers and the gift to the world of Arabian literature and science surely far outweighs any negative feelings we may have about the less desirable aspects of the recent past. Books such as Thesiger's (and they are all too rare) attempt bravely to counterbalance the drivel one sees on television about far-flung corners of the world—today's observer (be he/she journalist, tourist, etc) does not have the time (o, woeful phrase!) to observe, to live with, share.....very much in the tradition of TE Lawrence and Lawrence Durrell, but in some respects more detailed and informed, perhaps because less emotive.

Advice to bookbuyers: search out the lesser known.....

Send review books to: Editor, Hack, Bryntirion, Llanfair Caereinion, Powys SY21 OBL

With Our Compliments

The shock of the new

Society needs art, more desperately than it knows: it needs new art even more desperately. Yet there is a mechanism within society which suppresses, as much as possible, new art: it is as though some elements of the vested interest of big business conspired to hold back the younger, new generation of artists—that is unless they can profit from it, in which case they may simply act as nature's predators. This process of suppression is both conscious and unconscious, deliberate and, almost, accidental. But whether we go with the conspiracy theory or the laws of nature theory the result is the same—thousands upon thousands of musicians, writers, painters, sculptors who are unable to get a foot in the door. This magazine would like to do its bit to overcome the inertia of society against new art, that frictional force which holds back what new artists have to say.

Thus we would like to support the work of publishers' co-operatives, self-publishing writers, painters wanting to mount their own exhibitions, and musicians seeking an outlet. To do this we need support from that part of the community which to some extent controls facilities which would enable artists to gain self-expression. We need presses, space, recording facilities—and responsible artists to use them. Organisation of such opportunities is an almost impossible task, and one of the dangers is that committees never create anything. But perhaps in an unofficial kind of way—if you are in a position to help—you might do so. If you are a radio producer, or a tv director, consider using someone whom nobody has heard of, rather than taking the safe soft option. If you are a publisher, consider a low-run book from a new writer.....there are many ways in which we can all help. We're here at Hack! would like to hear from others.....let's do it!

G'luck!

T 0891

Thus

the day
will come
when you
will be
able to
present your
customer over
the counter
in a
way that
will make
them pay your
fellow
name and
present information

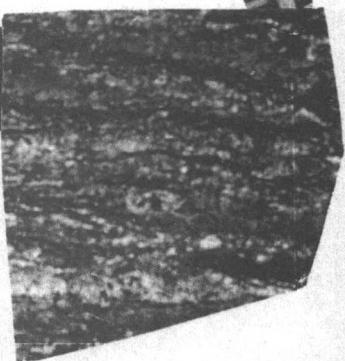
The shock of the new

Hackery
and anti-Hackery

PUB

MONA

idea

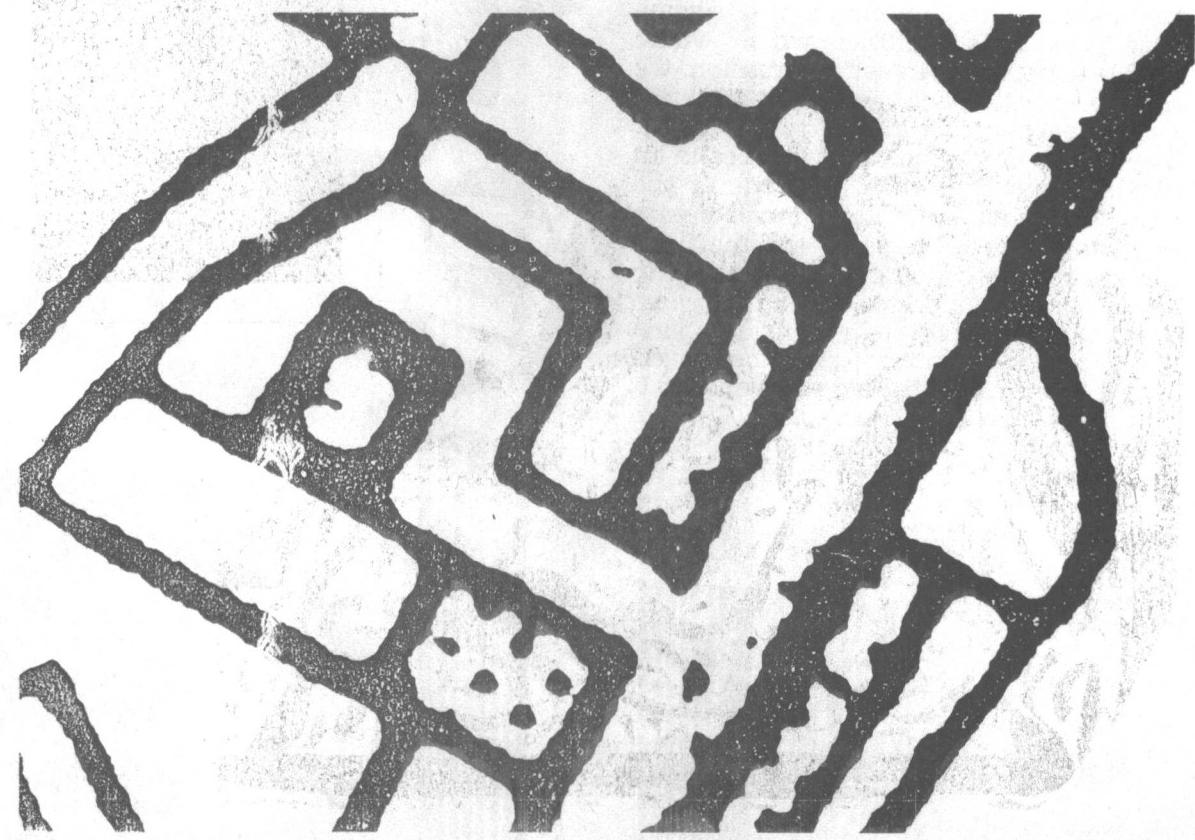
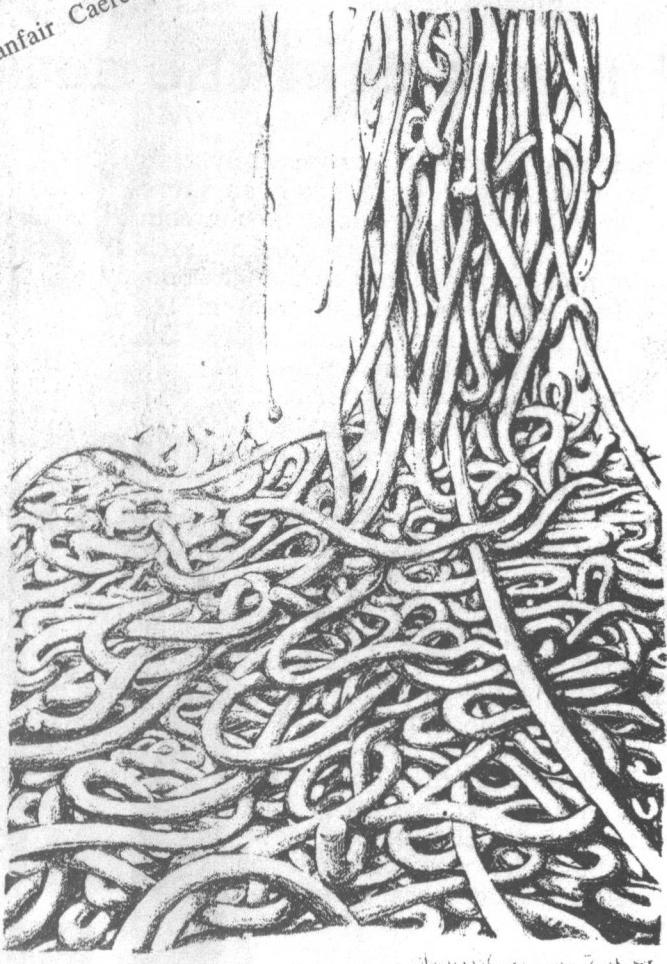


Introducing

Stewart James

Stewart James is an artist and illustrator living and working in the small Welsh town of Llanfair Caereinion. The publishers of this magazine are grateful to him for his ideas and enthusiasm in the publication of Hack!

Top: Complicated Spaghetti
Below: Aerial view of Llanfair Caereinion

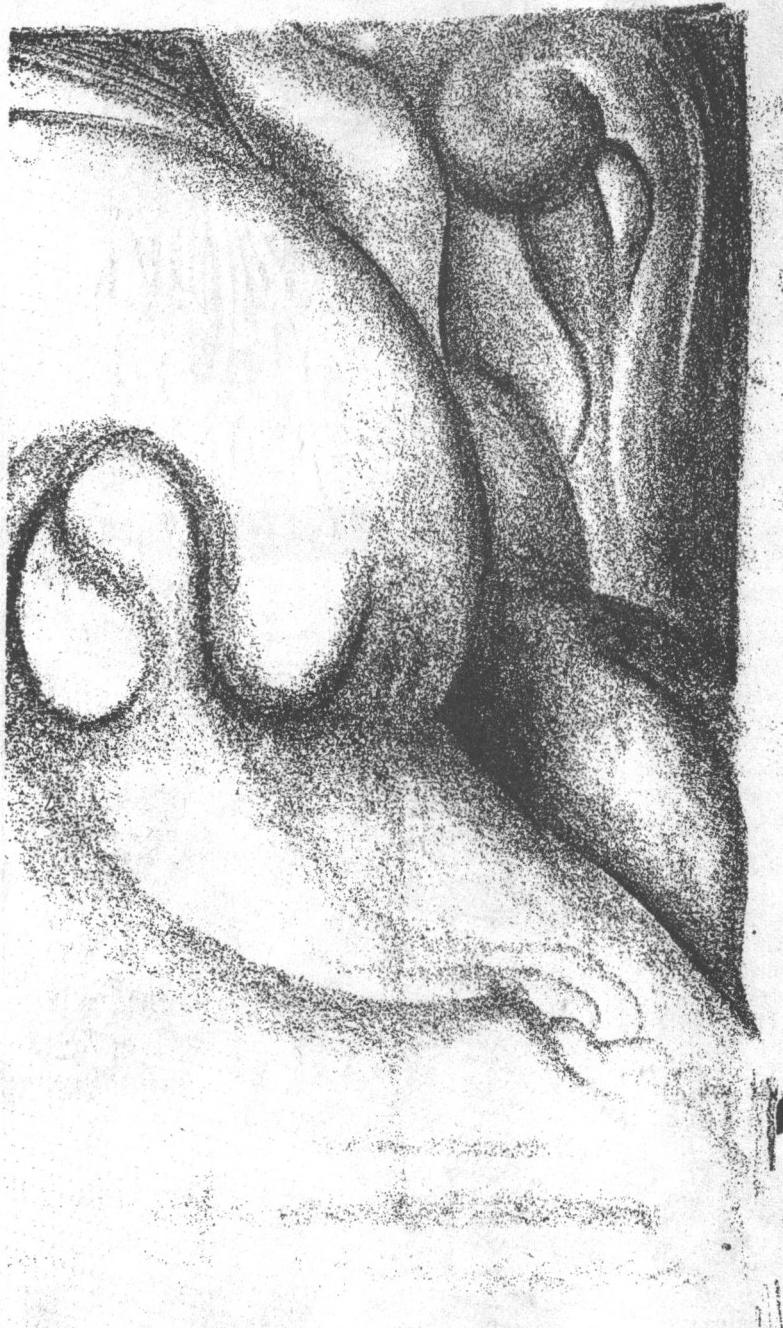


Drawings by Stewart James

Excerpt from Curves (top)

*Illustration of Air
(pen and ink)*

Labyrinth



Arty Adman

This is an advertising agency. A lot of pretentious people in slick suits pose around with mobile telephones and big invoices. When I grow up I'm going to be an ad. agency, it's a whole lot better than working for a living. Most agencies have got long names: it sounds so bloody good. This one's called Sprat Fingelfinder Burke.

The lout in the pinnie is Arty Adman, nephew of Fingelfinder. He is a logo designer, does a bit of copywriting and is known, in agency parlance, as a creative.



The minimum de rigueur gear for someone on an ad agency payroll is an original oil painting, a mobile telephone, a good grasp of rhyming slang, a spouse, a lover, and of course an arsehole lower down the ladder at which to aim the corporate boot when things go wrong. Voici the obligatory painting.

Note also that ad agencies are obliged to have a living sculpture on the main desk: they are not known for their pro-feminist stance though of course they are tres correct in their public demeanours.



Today Sprat Fingelfinder Burke are expecting an important client: Slurk, makers of Slurk Soap Powder. The execs are coming to view some packaging designs that the agency has been working on. However, Arty Adman, who has been put in charge of the creative side of the campaign, has been busy redesigning his office. So...

...behold, head Sprat of agency, foaming at the lips because there is no [redacted] of Arty Adman.

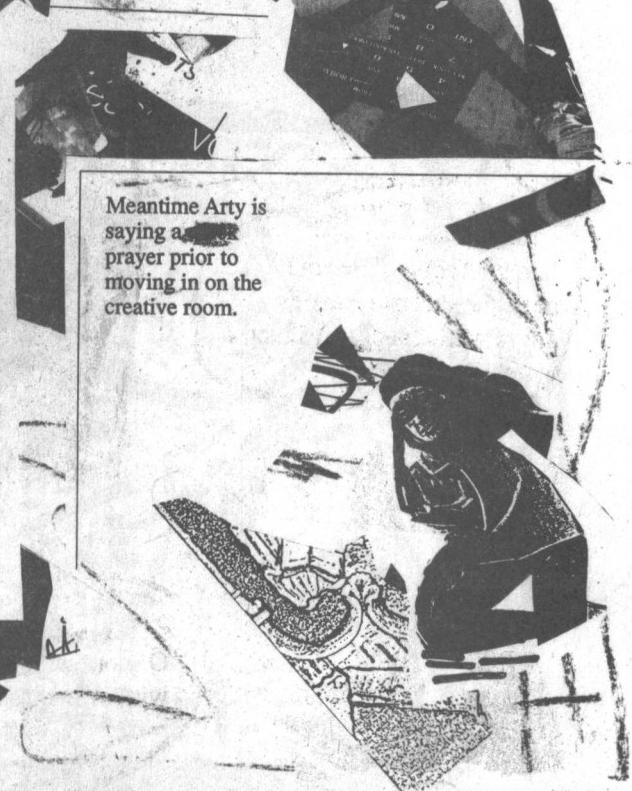
However, Arty has been alerted to the [redacted] by the eagle eye of his secciterrier, Belinda.

Unfortunately, however, [redacted] ends up photocoughing his feet.....

....so he quickly springs into action.

but a quick yell to Belinda and he instructs her.....go [redacted] and keep the clients amused.

Meantime Arty is saying a [redacted] prayer prior to moving in on the creative room.



Meanwhile in the creative room, pandemonium had broken out among the Macs while the operators rush to design logos, print out E-values, scan half-tones, paste-up montages.



If you tell them often enough.....

Note from Prime Minister to Chancellor Lemon

Been some embarrassing questions in the House lately about inflation. What is it?

Lemon to PM

Asked around on this one, but opinions conflict. Thing is we have to keep the oppo. from knowing we've been doing a lot of money printing.

PM to Lemon

All right if I get you to answer the questions then?

Lemon to PM

All right, all right, no need to get windy, I'll try and explain then. When you have too much money chasing too few goods that is called, er, under-supply, or under-production. The cure to under-production is to restrict money supply. You restrict money supply by not paying the printers. The printers print the money anyway and pay themselves. That is inflation, but you cannot tell the people that. So you tell them that money is too plentiful because they spend too much. It is amazing what people will believe if you tell them often enough.

If you keep telling them they are spending too much then they will stop spending and start saving. You then end up with too many goods in the market. This leads to a deficit in the balance of trade because raw materials are still being imported furiously. So you start buying up pounds abroad which means the value of the pound goes up and the value of other currencies goes down. That way nobody can export finished goods, so therefore they can't import raw materials — then the balance of payments improves, so you end up with a reasonable trade balance. All this because you tell the people it's their fault.

PM to Lemon

But surely if you have to buy all those pounds up then you still have too much money swishing around in the old econo?

Lemon to PM

Of course, but it's in the Treasury, so none of the plebs can get their hands on it, can they?

PM to Lemon

So, won't they end up blaming us anyway, because they can't get their hands on it?

Lemon to PM

Of course not. Remember you started off by telling them it was their fault for spending too much. Now you tell them they're saving too much and ought to spend to re-activate the economy. Tell them they're being too cautious. Tell them to buy British!

PM to Lemon

But will they believe us?

Lemon to PM

The people? They'll believe anything you tell them, if you tell 'em often enough.

PM to Lemon

No, I know that. I mean the MP's, the oppo, you know, I mean will they believe us?

Lemon to PM

Will they believe who?

Nyaga, nyaga! Moan, moan, the people this, the people that. Nyaga nyaga creep creep hello dear people nyaga nyaga let's screw the people.



The nine-ten-eleven o'clock NEWS!

Good evening, this is not the nine-ten-eleven o'clock news, but something unlike it. It's not even really the news. Nor even news. I think. The main story of the day is that the Duchess of Porkie Pie has been to consult her mystic. Regular viewers of our impartial, totally objective unrepellent news will realize of course that such matters take precedence over things like earthquakes, deaths on the motorway, the thousands who are homeless tonight as a result of the recession, and so on. But hang on a moment it seems our Royal Correspondent is outside the pallis at the moment. Hello Helena, is that you?

Helena: Yes, indeed Nige, darling, though I'm surprised you can see me for the fumes.

Bruce: Well, hardly Helena, but exactly what fumes are those?

Helena: Well, Nige, darling, there's been so much arse-licking going on here today by correspondents wanting to get a story out of the palace lacqueys that the whole pallis has erupted in one great glorious fart. Excuse me, my gas mask.

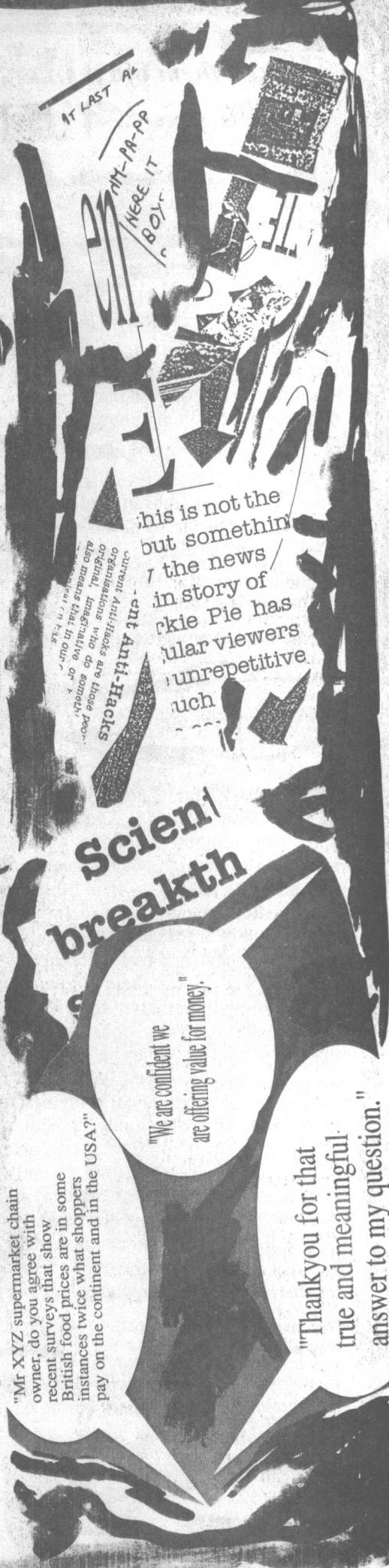
Bruce: But surely the Royals are not party to that sort of thing.

Bruce: Oh, no, Nige, of course not. We all know that it is the hangers-on who cost the tax payer money with all this extra pollution.

Bruce: That's true, Helena. And thankyou for coming on the air (if you can call it that). Well, viewers, sorry that's all there is time for tonight, you can see what a fantastically riveting thing the 9-10-11 o'clock news is, and how tremendously stimulating, intelligent and beautiful all of us here are. Trib, a last word from you?

Trib: Yes indeed, but we mustn't give the viewers the impression that we get more than about £80,000 per year, or that we're in front of the mirrors for more than about four hours a day, must we, darlings.

Nige or Bruce or something: And now for the wether.



This month's cons, swizzes, fiddles or bores

Labour's sham

The leadership of the Labour Party was decided the day the T&G threw in their weight behind John Smith. So why pretend otherwise? I'm willing to bet Gould has been offered the deputy's job so long as he puts up a creditable, but not too strong, opposition.

If Labour want us to believe that it is serious about getting rid of union votes in the leadership election then why doesn't it do so now? Why wait until the next leadership election?

They'll get some stick from the other parties — and they'll have earned it.

And maybe it has already lost them the next election.

Dr XYZ I presume

Dr XYZ, of XYZ fame, now the medical face in the ABCDEF Show, bores the X*@? out of me, and I suspect a trillion others too. Not only is he a practising g.p. (though when he gets time to practise I'd like to know — and I think he could use it, the practice I mean) he's also on the tv a lot of the time, and he's got these 089... numbers. Of course you don't hear a real voice anymore than you get real medical advice: there's only one way to find out what, if anything, is wrong with you, and that's by going to see the doc, though for my money you can sometimes be just as well off staying at home. However, be that as it may, and it may, Doc XYZ surely is not bringing any credit onto the medical profession by spreading himself so thin. We've seen him give advice on everything from safe sex to zit de-foliation. Frankly the old family doc — which doesn't exist anymore — did a better job. I find him insincere, smarmy and shallow. In fact it's got so bad that every time I see him I feel sick and turn the telly off or switch onto another channel. Somehow you find you can't believe in doctors who seem to want to grab at every penny they can.

More Hack views on the subject of 089... telephone numbers elsewhere in this issue.

Stamp it out

Our piece this month is a light-hearted kick back at using royals to do jobs other people could use the money for, but the point is that though we're light-hearted and frivolous there is still a serious point to be made, and that is this: it is wrong for royals to be doing work (even if unpaid) that others are more qualified to do. The Duke of York should not be taking photographs for stamps for first day covers, there are thousands of qualified photographers who are unemployed at this time who could use the money: not to mention hundreds of artists — so why doesn't Royal Mail make these jobs available by open tender or competition?

The royals have enough privileges, so perhaps we could start taking some of theirs away and handing them to Joe Soap in the street?

Nothing on earth would persuade me to buy one of those stamps. Not one.

BBC Select
Now we're being invited to pay out £££'s for the
(in some cases) while it's being transmitted,
because it's being scrambled. Well, scrambled is
obviously what the brains are, otherwise they surely
wouldn't have come up with this concoction.
Don't think they stand a chance. And it could end
up expensive if they're obliged to pay people not to

Hack's verdict on the last election:

never in the history of democracy did so many
votes change so little.

Who are the hacks?

What is a hack? A pony put out to earn its dinner, a journalist who searches out a story regardless, a media worker lacking originality, a politician who fails to come up with fresh solutions.....?

We will explore all of these except the first: they are the only innocent hacks! Don't you just love those boring old names that keep popping up on our screens, our radios and in our newspapers: I cast my mind back over several years — the ennui of Levin, the mediocrity of Wogan, the arrogance of Waugh, Hayes..... the numberless chatterboxes who dare call us ordinary people: what's so extraordinary about them? This magazine takes issue with those p**ts who think that we will put up with their drivel anymore.

Newscasters who talk about government money (they mean our money, mate!); interviewers who let politicians off the hook — "yes, minister, no minister, you're absolutely right, minister....."

What they should be saying is: "so, why do you keep screwing up, you pimply old b*st*rd?"

No, they just sit there and simper. Excuse me while I breathe! Even Sir Robin Day was too polite this last election, smiling and bobbing sweetly. He's a great journalist, and I don't believe he's past it: maybe they told him to be nice since what we had were three very boring parties without an idea between them. No, it seems most of these interviewers just want to add another scalp to their wall.

Give us reporters who insist on a question being answered, who don't take no for an answer. We need more Paxmans, Waldrens, Sissons'. We need them now.

Fire all the Lawleys, Suchets, or put them onto the milk run, or make them grow some teeth!

EDITOR'S NOTE:
We gratefully accept
contributions to Hack! but please note we do
not return material or pay for it. Please do
not send original material. No responsibility
taken for anything lost. No lavatory humour
accepted and we do like to hear nice and
good things about people and organisations,
surprising as some people may find this
notion.

Pillar box mouth
allegation
incorrect
says Palace

Remarks in the anti-royalist press that
Prince Chas has a pillar box mouth are
in poor taste, says the Palace.
"How can that be? Everyone knows
the Prince is very beautiful. After all,
he is the future King, you know."
But the spokesman did say that the
prince gets a lot of post which he 'just
laps up'.
"Anyway" said the spokesman, "his
mother likes him."

Excerpts from

A Minute's Silence in Africa

a novel by JG Olsson

Book 1: Tides

When they came to the river
the red boer dog
they ate their souls
and crossed
they did not pay
they did not pay indaba
they did not give
blood to cross the river
They came in the night
and stole the river

Location Song (origin unknown)

The memory is of necessity piecemeal: it is rare that in the life of one generation a country is born and dies. It is even rarer that the nature of the birth and death of a nation may reside in the mind of a single person. Only a fool would imagine that the story can be superficially connected, and flow in snapshot sequence, like a fairy tale. It is memory that is the pages of the book: life, the book — the seed is in a thousand minds. But life is not a book, and things do not happen in one generation and there are those whose minds are more pragmatic:

.....from old money to new money to — doubtless — some other money: from old flags to new flags to new national anthems.....so it flows, like the river which the local tribes called the river of the red dog. So life flows: new men replacing old.....images of blood spilling; axe-waving; chanting.....manufactured by one side — enmity: man against man.

You cannot remember somebody dead even if you saw them that way, only living, and the past is not remembered as the past because memory has no past only a present. But even so nothing is as disturbing as the past because of its power to unsettle the present, that accumulation of easy habits covering uneasy feelings and thoughts.

When someone enters your life from your past it is as though they have been sent from the unconscious to break up any illusions you may still

Cheer up tell him: what does it matter who your father was if you have another relative to add to the dustbowl of the family tree! The relationship is tenuous: her father is married to his niece's neighbour by marriage.

I arranged to meet these two, not knowing anything about the woman, whom I had not heard since his last visit two years ago, was in Chester, and thinking of visiting us. It was rather like hearing that Caligula was at the sponge pudding. He knew, the old hypocrite, that good manners would force me to give him a bed for the night. By way of further enticement he told me that he had 'a young lady with him'. Naturally I thought, and told J. so too, that it was some fat old farm bag from the Cape he'd picked up in Rome or somewhere, and that we were in for a dull time of it. Everyone knows that when a man tells you he has a 'young lady' with him she mostly fails to fulfill either qualification. When a man like Herbie tells you he has a young lady with him, you suspect him of even worse than that.

However for once he spoke the truth, at least in so far that she was young and attractive and I immediately guessed that the old bastard was pleased she was with him. If you are as ugly and as old as Herbie there is no doubt having a young filly on your arm is a desirable thing. It turned out she was a doctor, on holiday in Europe for the first time, and that they had met in the National Portrait Gallery. I suppose he went there because it's free.

It was something of a shock to see them standing there on the corner of the street waiting for me. In fact they were early. I called over to them and arranged for them to follow our car in their hired mount, a repulsive white little thing. Fortunately J. had met him before and had long since taken his measure. The thing about other people's relatives — or neighbours of neighbours of relatives — is that they are easier to handle than your own, and it is not difficult to treat them with the contempt they deserve.

I should add that of all the Hadean visitors I have had over the many years of my living in this country "only one visit has been even remotely successful, and that was an old friend of twenty years standing."

have about yourself.

I might as well say at once that what has brought this feeling to the surface was a visit by a man come from the homeland on his trip to Europe. No one can belittle his journey which, at the age of 69 he made to Britain from Hades. A trip which could not have been made easy, when you think about it, considering the fact he has undergone bypass heart surgery, a hernia operation, and a prostate gland removal.

Having said that in his favour there is nothing else to be said in his favour except that each time he comes to Europe he insists on seeing me — whether for a free night's accommodation — or out of some perverse clan loyalty — I do not know. I prefer the former explanation for this phenomenon.

He is the friend of a neighbour of a neighbour: so precarious have relationships become in Hades that men of the same town cling to each other on the edge of the precipice of family relations. All white men have the same mother, because they are white. This man has changed his name three times from English to Afrikaans back to English, so that he can find favour with those in power. It is difficult to know — when he talks about tracing the family tree on his father's side — which name he is using. We sit sipping coca cola as he tells me that his search has taken him from Inverness to the bogs of Killcudden via a number of other places so remote they figure on few maps. What is this craze people have to trace their ancestry? I wish most of mine at the devil and cannot understand this prurient middle class drivelling over their insignificant forebears. It seems morbid, macabre even, to find out who the dead are, your dead. As if somehow it could affect, not only your status, but also your present and future course of action. You will find often that men who are keen to trace ancestors have not spoken to their own brothers for a score of years on the basis of some frivolous difference.

In tow with the neighbour of the friend of the neighbour is a young woman, a doctor. I will not demean myself by saying she is ugly, on the contrary there is a certain sensuous sway to her hips, a smoothness to her lips that make her quite desirable. It appears that even these two — meeting accidentally in Central London — are somehow related.

3

4

Periodically the eye above the scar twitched as these questions kept revolving around inside his head, so that by the time he reached the back coaches of the train he felt dizzy, and even ill. He found himself leaning against a window, wondering what to do next, what to do with his life. He said to himself: why don't I just jump out and end it all? He could not have said how long he stood there, gazing into the moving space of flitting telegraph poles and fleeing houses broken only occasionally by trails of steam: now the railway line ran parallel with the river, following its contours. The river widened at this point: white, with the reflected white of cloud, and blue with the reflected sky blue: it seemed of infinite depth. But this view soon began to make him feel sick — he was more than a little drunk. He lurched forward and pulled open a door, wanting to sit down. His legs found a seat for him, and he sat down hard on a bare wooden bench with his eyes closed and his head in his hands until the images of swaying began to subside. It was the silence of the carriage that made him open his eyes: he felt completely alone, and curiously peaceful. He looked up. They sat, frozen in the middle of a dozen actions: turning the pages of a newspaper, opening a grease-proof wrapped sandwich, slapping a card down on the floor between the seats, in silent angry contemplation of him. He knew at once he was in a carriage reserved for black people. He did not know how he came to be there, or what he should do about it. But at the same time he knew his legs would not carry him far: he could not get up and go, yet. There was a moment's awkwardness while he searched for the right words. The men regarded him with hostility.

hostility. But instinct, rather than reason, often finds the right words: "I hope I haven't disturbed you," he said, "gentlemen." It was an odd thing to say, but because he was slightly drunk, he didn't feel at all self-conscious about it.

The men looked at each other — a few words were spoken hastily — they quickly realized he was drunk: this and his politeness, must have swayed them. Immediately the tension dissolved, and the men carried on with their tasks as though he hadn't been there, as though it was normal to see a white man in their carriage. So the train passed through

21

to hold his tongue, seeing now the way his cunning black eyes avoided Luke, as he said:

"The curious thing about the murder was not the murder only but the trivial things that happened at the time, or just before —"

He nodded his head, almost closing his eyes. Somewhere the wind rifled among the trees around the house, heightening the feeling that the single light of the kitchen was a solitary beacon enclosed by a wall of darkness. Luke was now eating quietly, steadily; the boy heard a faint chant of the miners going on shift: a ritual of solidarity before entering the underground.

The spinning is the void which is darkness, gold dust, sand, flies, hyena and sweat. Before the light. Before? Of the void. The chanting fast of dust. The

In the beginning is the void which is darkness, gold dust, sand, flies, excrement, the howl of hyena and sweat. Before the light. Before? After, behind, above... you are in the void. Of the void. The chanting voices of the miners across the veld, brought by the infest of dust. The dust is a messenger of voices across the Orange, through the mountains and down to the outlying gold fields. Out of every direction, into the void. The dust brings voices over the veld, compacting mine dust into the chant of the miners. White gold dump dust.
"It who was murdered then?" said the boy.

"Who was it who was murdered then?" said the boy.
LeRoy looked up.
"Kids!" he said, "how they love a bit of blood, hey? How you doing, Luke?"
"I'm trying to re-wire a whole floor" said Luke churlishly, "whole damn
subsided." It was as though the whole task
had, moreover, come at a ver-
y heavy cost.

"Who was it who was murdered then?" said the boy.

LeRoy looked up.
"Kids!" he said, "how they love a bit of blood, hey? How you doing, Luke?"
"We gotta re-wire a whole floor" said Luke churlishly, "whole damn section near enough's subsided." It was as though the whole task devolved upon him alone and had, moreover, come at a very inconvenient time. As though he resented it, personally, in some way. "I'll be about subsidence" said the woman, shuddering. It was the milk-white skin.

"Don't talk about subsidence" said the woman, smiling.
The boy studied her bare, pale arms, her milk-white skin.
The houses themselves are in what is known as the Cape style, a kind
of mediterranean version of seventeenth century Amsterdam
architecture: you will see houses like these in Malaysia, or Indonesia,
wherever the Dutch colonised — but these Cape style houses are
always white, whereas the orientals love to paint theirs. There is an
inexpressible coolness on the inside of these houses, and even to pass

What I have tried to do in this novel is to set out some of the underlying conflict which I observed in the South Africa of my childhood and youth. The Johannesburg of the '50's was a noisy, violent place: there was always music, fights, shootings. But there was a sweetness to the light and the air, a freshness, which somehow still managed to exist.

76

Slalom Rushly: Exile

Hack!

What do you feel about having angered millions of your fellow Muslims? Do you think they're justified?

Rashly

e hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbe

Hack!

Granted that perhaps a fatwah, a death sentence, is not how we in the west would have gone about it, isn't it true to say that you have done very little to make amends, for example publishing a paper back in USA?

Rashly

e hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbe

Hack!

Turning to the aesthetic and artistic merits of your work, wouldn't you agree that you have a tendency to be a little vague, even obscurantist, at times? Do you attribute this to taking five years and more over each book?

Rashly

hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj hyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbe hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjh dhfgrhtj jtjhyuiri ghvnbe

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dhfgrhtj jtjhuyuiri ghvnbee hghfjrjth dhfgrhtj jtjhuy

4ghfjrjt
ijjhyuir
ni dhgfr
uvnbee
tj jtljhuy

That's all we have time for.

Thankyou

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The fabulous new galvanized night condom that enables you to select special tele-kinetic TV cells beamed direct to your set, with the added convenience of having broken reception while viewing.

Yes! For the amazingly low price of rip-off \$88's galore you too can be conned into paying extra for your night-time viewing. Record-and-store facility means of course you can't watch it at night, mostly, so you'll have to wait until the next day. Shame!

Now PPC Protect means you need never have free night-time viewing ever again. Progress!

Yes! Why be subtle or intelligent and get it for free — even recording free night-time programmes, when at amazing extra cost you can be really dumb and get all our rubbish, plus have the added convenience of yet another expensive gizmo at your finger tips?

Just slip PPC Protect over your set at night — rendering everything you ever dreamed about a nightmare! Isn't that wonderful? We at the PPC really care for your viewing interests.

Remember, stupidity costs extra in this life!

PPC PROTECT

Send no money, we'll just dump it on you when the time comes!
We've got you by the shorts.....have a nice day!



Bloody Sport

...told nous,
did we si-
telligence
I will still fi-
js on their
ser's have t-

In the old days social divisions were easy: you had the gentry, and they had their horses and their lacqueys, and then there were the foxes. Every so often the gentry used to tart up in red frock coats, jump on their horses and go in pursuit of the foxes, whom they would run to ground and kill in a ritualistic fashion.

Nowadays, things have changed. You have the media and you have the politicians, neither of which can be said to be gentry, and no one knows for certain if the electorate are the horses that bear the overweight burden of their genteel masters, or the foxes which are run to ground and captured, be it as prey or in the ballot box. But the box in the corner of the living room is more powerful than the ballot box wherein we cast our votes, and in either event politics is not what it used to be. Here too things have changed. You used to have orators, that is to say people who could speak in public, *ex tempore*, and could sweep a crowd along with them. You came away from a political meeting (if all one has read is true) charged with enthusiasm, fire and *verve*. One of the ironies of the last, now thankfully deceased, election was that the only decent orator left in mainstream politics was hidden behind the protective glass of his chauffeur-driven limousine. He was not exposed to the cut and thrust of open debate, of heckling and rabble-rousing. When he did

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give a speech, and rousing it certainly was, at Sheffield, he was apparently marked down by the electorate. It seems powerful speeches do not translate to the little screen very well, as the thin line between oratory and hysteria becomes almost invisible.

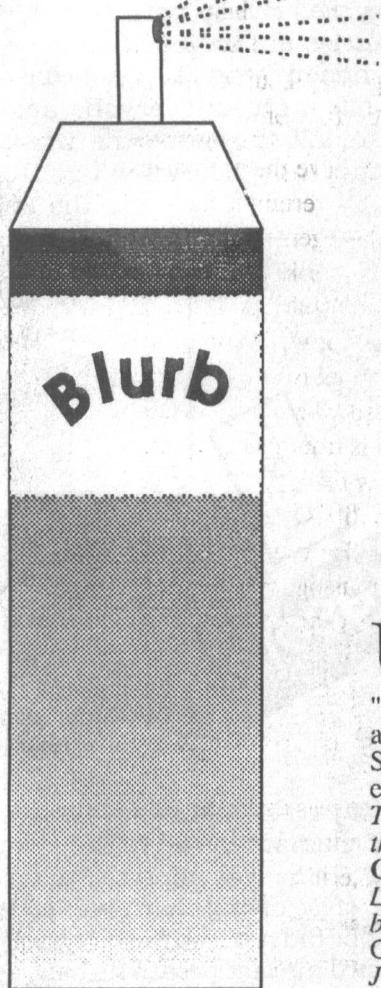
The only man to get up on a soap box can scarcely put three sentences together without stumbling over his words, so one cannot call him an orator, and the other man, who likes jumping over stiles also loses something whenever he raises his voice.

It seems it's all in the voice: Kinnock — the Welsh baritone with fire and strength vs Major the squeaker vs Ashdown the jumper.

Faced with the choice of three mediocre men the electorate did what British people have always done: they chose the bungler, the man whose upper lip does not move, the man who had egg on his face. Now there — disgraceful as it no doubt was — was a touch of the old *politik*.

Maybe there's hope left for us after all.

NEW Blurb



Blurb!

The new spray on wordbank!
Yes, just spray on Blurb! and
you will find your word processor
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No more those long pauses between
ideas, sentences and even words.
Spray on Blurb! means that your
WP becomes more creative than ever.
It beats education, effort and success all in one.

Users' testimonial:

"Yes, I can confirm I sprayed Blurb onto my testimonials and I have had no problem producing ever since....."
So says Mr Arbuthnot of Cheltenham, who found that every time he met his fiancée he was stuck for words.
This was probably because he had a condom in his mouth at the time.

Cancel. Take Two. Action!

Look, this ad is for Blurb! How you can increase performance by spraying it on your WP.
Ooooh! Who's getting fresh then?
Jees! Talk about missing the point!

**NOW: BLURB! COMES IN
HANDY ENVIRONMENT
FRIENDLY SPRAY CAN**

Obituary

Joe Public

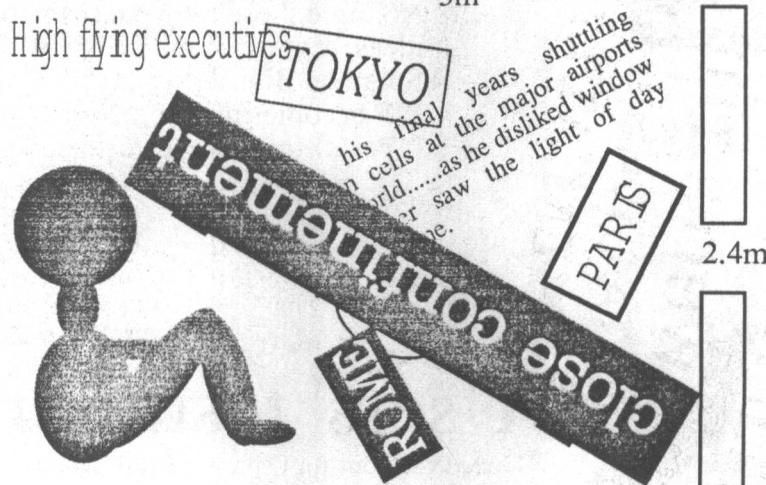
Last week saw the sad death of Joe Public, a middle of the road, middle-aged, middle class junior executive with one of our, let's say, larger mediocre corporations. Joe was not a particularly brilliant man, nor a particularly scrupulous one. He tried that, once, but was warned by senior executives at his firm that anything akin to outright honesty was not acceptable. They wanted subtlety. They should have known because Joe had been in their pension plan for about twenty years and it was rather a case of creative accounting and astute currency shuffling than careful husbandry that enabled them to pay out his widow, Jane Public.

They should have known, too, because for years Joe had been in the Save as You Earn scheme, and had never noticed that it always took his company about forty five days to credit the money to his account. It seemed to spend a lot of time in the company's building society account or waiting in the form of pieces of paper, on executives' desks.

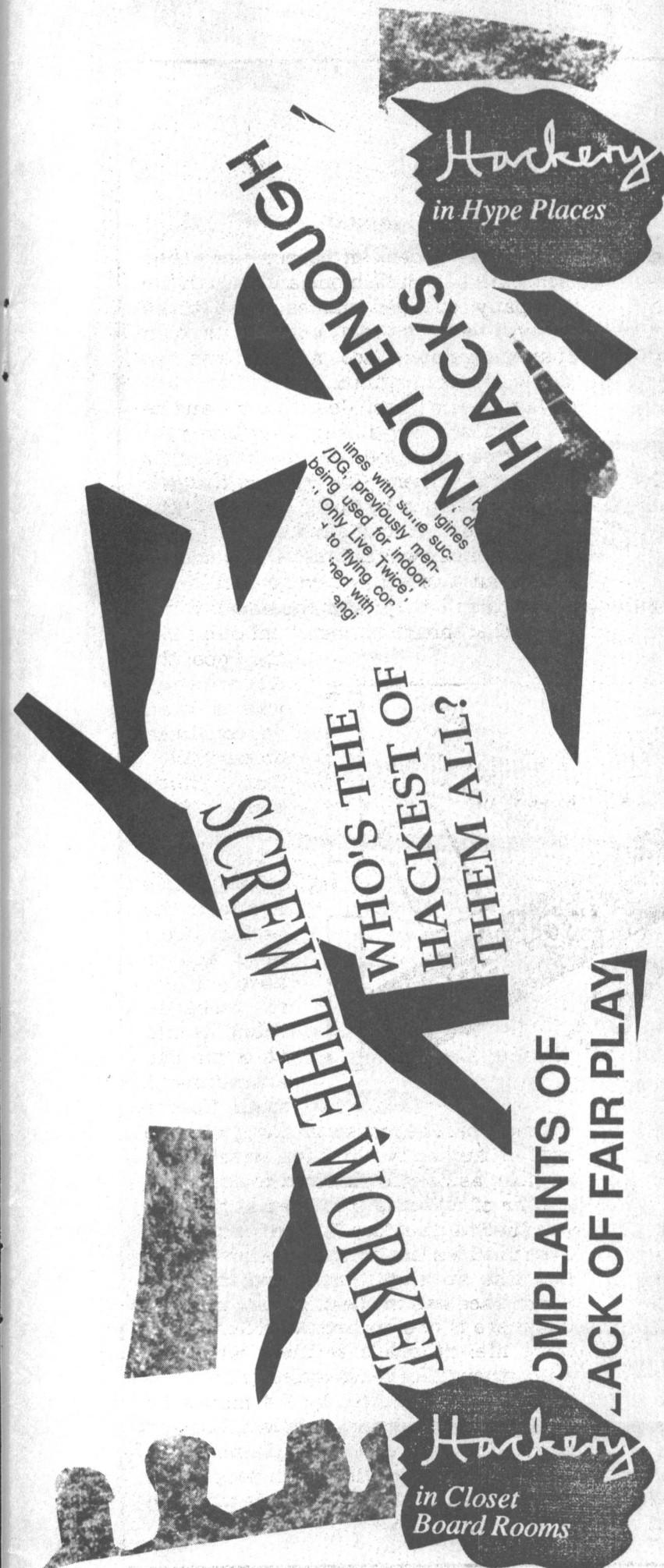
Joe spent a lot of years behind a desk before they finally sent him on overseas trips, a thing he had been looking forward to. So now, instead of days behind a desk, instead days were spent in cocktail lounges at airports meeting other executives, while nights were passed in those trendy little hard cells in designer hangars at the major airports of the world, the average size of which is half that of any in HM Prisons (I am told). Joe was never quite sure who he worked for, because first the company was bought

out by an American corporation, then sold back to a British one: and though the company changed names three times before being bought out by its own management the faces always remained the same. Throughout Joe didn't notice. In fact you could tell Joe anything and he was almost always likely to believe you: this is because Joe believed in what he called the system. Joe believed that the country was run by upright middle of the road Tories not unlike himself, people to whom honour was not just a convenience label, but a creed: everyone adored the queen didn't they, and the whole world knew that though he wasn't infallible like

the Pope, the Archbishop was a man you could lean on spiritually. But these were just vague thoughts swimming around in the back of Joe's head and to have got him to verbalise them would be a bit like extracting a tooth. No, for



the most part he just swam along with the rest of humanity, in tides, rivers and schools, as he was expected to do. It is a matter of rejoicing that even at the last Joe Public did not lose faith in the system: even until his last breath he believed that God was an Englishman, and that the Saxon race was the best, purest, noblest. But there is one unchronicled fact about Joe's life: no one ever knew what Joe really thought of those little hard cells at the airports: 3 metres by 2.4 metres by 2.4 metres, replete with shower, bog and alarm clock. He never complained, Joe, never said a word. But then people like Joe don't shout much. Which is why God is an Englishman.



Hack of the Month

The most outstanding Hack this month has to be that ill-informed gargoyle, the Sec of Education, John Pitter Patter, who thinks that in Victorian times people were 'good' attended church frequently and committed few crimes.

His thesis is that if the young (and remember this man is Sec of Education) were taught a healthy fear of the consequences of behaving badly then they would behave better.

When last did we have a man so manifestly ill-informed at the helm of teaching and learning in this country? Did he never read Dickens? Has he any idea how extensive crime was in Victorian England, how much squalor there was? No one can compute with accuracy how much crime there was in Victorian times — but any knowledge of literature would convince Mr Patten how ill-informed he is. It's Hack! 's guess that this poor man has not taken his reading much beyond Winnie-the-Pooh. But then since when were Tory ministers noted for anything other than a repressive philistinism? Maybe this man is just saying what many well-heeled Tories are perceived as saying to the impoverished young: "Go to hell!" By implication of course, he is also saying that virtue leads to success, and holding himself up for a model. How smug can you get!

Morning Roger.

Morning Bert.

New idea here to save money.

What?

Well if we get everybody to join the employees SAYE scheme.....

.....ja?

Then we can put the money on deposit for thirty days with the building society, you know.....

.....ja, I've heard of them.....

.....ja, of course you have Rog.

Then what?

We'll then we get the interest on their money, don't you see.

Sounds wonderful, Bruce.

Bert.

Oh, ja, Bert. Carry on, old chap. Blowed if I understand it, though. Oh, well.

From the Front

Chris Patter, Governor of Dong Long Prison, the world's largest penal colony of some 6 million inhabitants, reports back to Drowning Street

Dear Prime Minister

You can have no idea of conditions here. Roads are narrow and few and far between, schools are closing down on all sides, and the nearest hospital is in England. What shall I do?



10 DROWNING STREET

LONDON SW1A 2II

Dear Chris

I thought I sent you to Dong Long Prison, not Wales. Kindly get on your jet and go to Dong Long.

Dear Prime Minister

You're absolutely right of course. There I was, stuck in the middle of Offa's Dyke. I can tell you the sooner we devolve Wales the better. You have no idea what it's like. The natives are certainly hostile to English people.....but onto matters new: do we have to give Dong Long to the Slant-Eyes? I mean it's pretty rich here. There's lots of money, and where else could I earn £150,000 per year after 1997?



Dear Chris

Course we have to give it to the little yellow men. It's theirs anyway, but if you have any suggestions, please let me know.

Dear Prime Minister

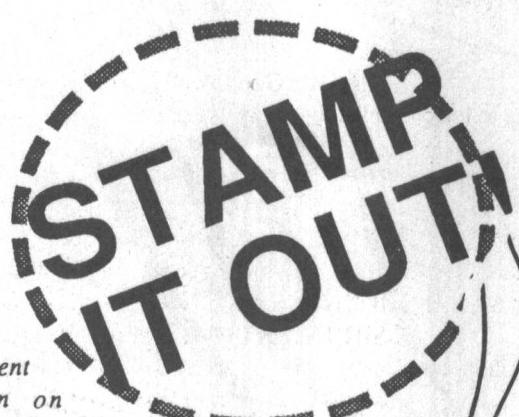
Well, it's a question of whether we give it back, steal it back, or.....perhaps we could infiltrate China, turn them away from communism, and convert them to our way of thinking. I will write next from Beijing.



Hawkeye

Pin-up No 1:
Chris Patter
Governor of Ping-Pong Prison
Salary: £142,500 p.a.
Job: Keep 6 million inmates under lock and key

Pictured here: Lord Sir Chris wearing the feathers and sword of office



You may have seen the recent advertising campaign on television showing stamps with the queen's head that change colour and also have several castles of the UK. As everyone knows the photographer of these castles was that eminent happy-snapper HRH The Dook of Pork. Hack! decided to investigate.

The Duke of Pork was recently approached by the Royal Nail to take some photographs for a first day cover. In case you don't know what a first day cover is it's a collection of stamps stuck on to an envelope which you pay over the top for, dump in a drawer and then forget about. It's one of those peculiarly British customs, now exported worldwide. I understand from those who know about such things that it's rather less well received than tea-drinking, nepotism, parliamentary democracy and other British institutions now universally praised and practised. It's simply an investment in Royal Nail's future and God knows they need it, since they only make about a couple of hundred million quid a year.

Anyhow, HRH the Dook of Porkie Pie was approached by a highly select committee. After all this was a big decision, they had to do something really original, like.....the castles of Britain. They were a very high powered committee deciding on this one. We went along to ask them how they chose the Dook, from the thousands of more competent photographers, such as David Bailey, the Earl of Whatsit and the other earl of whootsit, not to mention the millions of other non Earls who can handle an instamatic.

Readers should know that such matters are decided by the Royal Nail's very own Committee for Extending Royal Privileges and Royal Bootlicking. In charge of this committee is recently knighted Hack Sir Hackesbury Hacksville OBE KBE MBE NBE.

HACK!: Sir Hackesbury, how did you come to choose his Dookiness for this very lucrative job?

SIR HACKESURLY: I'd rather not say, and in any case no one has divulged that any money changed hands.

HACK!: I imagine you had a committee to make such a choice.

SIR HACKESBURY: Of course, we are a very



PRINCE BIG EARS — "not on the Committee...."



.....such heavyweights as Sir Geoffrey and How perhaps, sat on the committee? Sir Hackesburger confirmed that this was not the case, nor.....(pto)

democratic and fair-minded organisation.

HACK!: Of course, it's well known, one only has to look at the price of postage.

SIR HACKESBURY: I can tell you this, though, it would have cost more if we'd chosen a - er, well one of the David Baileys of this world.

HACK!: You mean a professional photographer?

SIR HACKESBURY FAVOUR FLAVOUR: Well, I didn't say that.

HACK!: You haven't said a damn thing yet, which is par for the course.

SLUR HACKFINN: Well then, if you must know, of course it was a committee that made the decision.

HACK!: I should imagine you have some pretty important people sitting on this committee. Do you meet in this room? (A room perched on top of the post office mausoleum in the city with four hundred chairs around a table.)

SLURP HACK BURY: Of course.

HACK!: Of course, and I imagine there were some real heavy weights on it. Did you for instance approach his Dookiness or did he approach you?

SIR HACK GRAVY: I cannot divulge such confidential information.

HACK!: Well, of course there would have been some post-prandial heavy weights, for instance, perhaps Sir Geoffrey And How.

SIR HACK FILIBUSTER: No, we are not so privileged as to have Sir Geoffrey with us.

HACK!: Some of the current underpaid cabinet perhaps — perhaps (and what could be more appropriate) Douglas Herd and not Seen?

SIR HACKO: No, Mr Herd is not with us.

HACK!: Perhaps you have some members of the royal family, to make things really impartial. Such as perhaps the Dookie's older brother, Prince Big Ears.

SIR WHACKO: No, alas, Prince Big Ears is not on our committee either.

HACK!: One question — a matter of conscience this. Did anybody on this committee think for one moment of perhaps choosing one, or even several, of the many competent photographers, now perhaps unemployed.....? Surely one or more of such people would have benefited enormously from such a competition?

SIR HACKICK: No, never gave it a thought.

HACK!: But surely that would have been fairer.

SIR HACKLOCK: Well, of course it would have been, but you must remember that we are an anal arse-licking organisation that does not operate like that. After all, old man, this is far right-wing Britain you're talking about here.

HACK!: Well, okay, if you say so.....anyway, now that you've given us all that incredibly detailed information on the committee, what made you think of the castles of the UK — is it a bit like castles in the air, wishful thinking, that kind of thing?

SIR HACKSIE: No, nothing like that. We just wanted to emphasize what a boringly establishment, right-wing, middle brow middle age middle class outfit of old farts we are. Castles, especially royal residences, illustrate this extremely well.

HACK!: Good, well, I'm glad we've got that right, now tell us how have these gems of British history been received?

SIR HACKSIE: Oh, very well.

HACK!: You mean they've been snapped up, everyone's bought a set?

SIR HACKO: No-oo.

HACK!: How many have you sold? Come on, don't tell us this is a secret.

SIR HACKLOW: Oh, no, we are a very open and fair organisation, and as is usual in these matters, we'll simply bury the information in our annual report in time-honoured British fashion. In this way no one will know what a success these first day covers have been — i.e. that the British public, having been bombarded by our half million pound advertising campaign, have been bored out of their skulls. As usual.

HACK!: So, success, then?

SIR HACKIE: Absolutely. We are a very profitable organisation, being your usual non-imaginative, middle of the road, repetitive, boring, party old school tie set-up.

HACK!: Well done, Royal Nail.

SIR HACKSLOP: Thankyou. I know you mean that!



.....nor Douglas Herd and Not Seen. It was felt that the committee for extending the Royal Bootlicking operation was sufficiently post-prandial, anal and reasonably adept at crawling. No other big timers in this department were required.

Hacked off with the Boss?
Or just want to curry favour.....
why not sample one of our special
To the Boss cards

Dear Boss.....
You are a complete arsehole.

Choose from one or more
of the messages below.
Send £5.00 per card to:
Hack! Publications
Bryntirion, Llanfair Caereinion
Welshpool, Powys SY21 OBL.

You're the Boss,
and if you don't mind
my saying so.....

I think you should go
and stuff yourself!

....some of your business
deals make Robert Maxwell
look like a Sunday
school teacher

....you are living proof
of the fact that no intelligence
is necessary to get to the top!

....you are a complete
and utter arsehole.

....you are absolutely wonderful
and I am all admiration, love,
willingness to be promoted, etc.

Orientation to the Hack! mode

Hack: unimaginative politician or media figure
(very much the norm)

Hacksaw: Iconoclastic figure, usually in politics or media.
Hackery: finookery, tedium (e.g. when news readers talk about 'government money' — they mean *your* money, mate)

Hacksiomatic: necessary, fundamental to hackery

Hacksellent: degree of excellence rarely found in public or media life

Hacker: someone on the make, blatant user of others

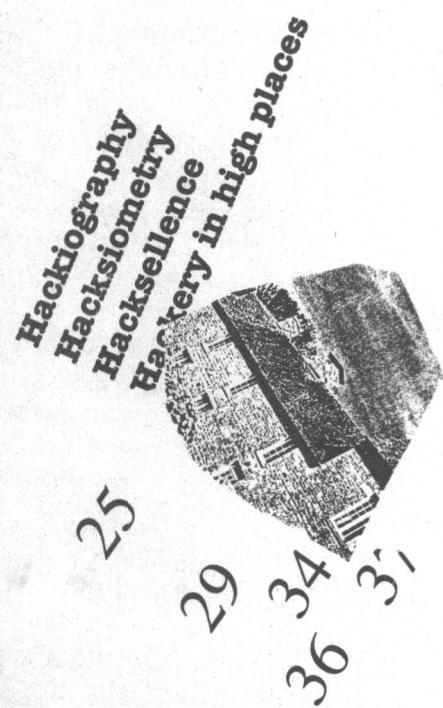
Hackiography: praise or biography of hack cf. hagiography

Hacktor: one who is pretending not to be a hack

Hacktion: attempts to prove one is doing something

Hackle: the natural reaction to hacks

Hackt of Parliament: Boring or repetitive legislation designed to suppress the ordinary people (i.e. *us*)



the Front

full Pages

he Hacks?

or fiddles
drugs, cons,

This Month
common:

Drug Prison

In Rushly
articulate

Columns:

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... People who use AEROSOLS are ARSOLES

Hack!

What is Hack!?

Hack is a new magazine aiming to hack away at the flab which pervades all societies, but the one we are interested in is the one we live in: peculiarly British forms of rapacity, ennui, mediocrity, class entrenched snobbery, etc.

Our hope is that Hack! will be amusing, light-hearted and in the earlier classical tradition of looking at universal issues, rather than just the narrow framework of politics.

We are not setting out with the intention of becoming an investigative journal, and we have no wish to emulate the popular trend towards mindless exposés of people, companies and governments. And though we are not prudish we dislike, intensely, toilet humour in all its forms.

Perhaps the hypothesis to be tested is: can the British laugh at themselves? Surely they can, but not if we feel forced to it.

Hack's avowed intention is to hack away at the hacks who hack us all off — the media hogs out to grab the limelight, the politicians who bore endlessly, the interviewers who never press the politicians for an answer — all this, but much more: analysis of non-headline grabbing hackery and greed, exploitation, etc. But any journal worth its salt will also give a mention to the good things of life — because if you start with the hypothesis that all is wrong with the world, then you end up with a magazine that leaves a sour taste in the mouth and that is not good.

So, it will come as no surprise to readers that we will take a look at the good things in life: food, books, theatre, wines, airlines, hotels (more or less in that order), in our search.....

Because after all there would be little point in hacking out the bad things in life if we did not also attempt to search for the good, the useful and the beautiful. And of course, just to emphasise that everyone knows value judgments are subjective we at Hack! don't intend taking ourselves — or anyone else — too seriously!

Hack away!

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man found tooth
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teeth

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